

HE HELPED HIMSELF

CLAUDE GARLAND

Paul Severance

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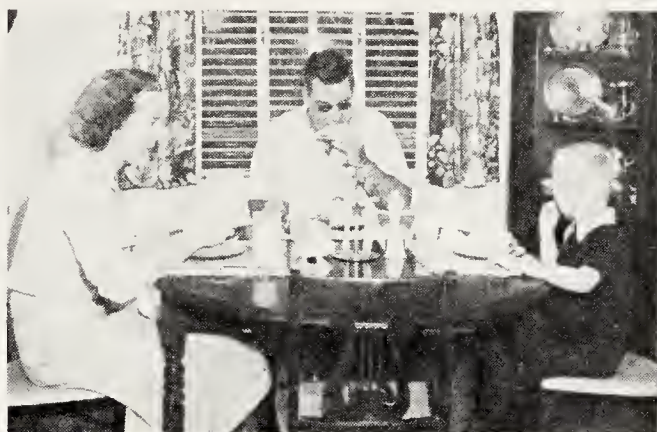
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HOUSE FOR THE BLIND**



*A handicap or a challenge? It all depends on how you look at blindness*

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LEFT: Claude Garland dines with his wife and son Claude in the cozy Garland home at Leesburg. "Your coffee is at 4 o'clock," his wife says. BELOW: Pleasant moments are spent by Claude at the lovely lake which adjoins his office in the city's Chamber of Commerce building. Here he calls and feeds the swans; they enjoy his daily visits.





## COMMON PROPERTIES

## OUTSTANDING PROPERTIES

quick drying  
light in weight  
sturdy  
wrinkle resistant  
hold pleats  
don't shrink  
easy to care for

# NYLON

1. tremendous strength
2. resistance to abrasion
3. resilience and elasticity

# DACRON

1. resistant to water
2. wrinkle resistance
3. strength and abrasion resistance

# ORLON

1. wool-like bulking quality
2. luxuriously "dry" hand
3. extremely light in weight

# VICARA

1. superfine, luxury hand
2. upgrades the blend

These charts show the physical and chemical components of the "miracle fabrics" now on the market. All have the advantages of being wrinkle-resistant, quick drying, shrink-proof. Experts say it may be some time before we find the perfect blend of artificial and natural fibers. In the meantime, don't sell those baby sheep short!

# in Clothes

## RAYON

practically pure cellulose, the woody matter in trees. (Wood pulp)

## ACETATE

chemical combination of cellulose and acetic acid. (Wood pulp and vinegar)

## NYLON

made from carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. (Coal, air and water)

## ORLON

derived from coal, air, water, petroleum and limestone.

## DACRON

chemicals for its production come from coal, petroleum, air and water.

## VICARA

the basic material is zein, obtained through distillation of corn.

They're making apparel which keeps you cool, even in the hottest office on the hottest summer day. But synthetics are only a part of the revolution. Today you can buy slacks with hidden gadgets in the waistband that provide far more comfort than the usual belt. And, within the past few years, walking shorts have flooded the nation's golf courses. Twenty years ago, knickers were the rage. The reason for the change is obvious to anyone who has ever sweated through 18 holes in a pair of plus-fours.

To many men, especially those who aren't as thin as they might like to be, a belt can be a discomfort. But now manufacturers offer elastic belts which hug the waist without strangling it. One firm even has a belt with an elastic buckle. The buckle is attached to the belt by a rubber thong that stretches to make the belt comfortably snug.

The raincoat is a rather prosaic garment, one which, at first glance, might seem to have reached its apex in the plastic models that appeared at the end of World War II. But even raincoat manufacturers have made their product more wearable. This year at least two firms are producing a raincoat perforated by thousands of tiny, almost microscopic holes. The holes are too small to let rain in, but they permit air to circulate. As a result, the traditional clamminess in raincoats, which comes from high humidity and a lack of ventilation on the inside of the garment, is absent from the new models.

Meanwhile, clothes are getting lighter. The bulky suits of yesteryear which weighed 13 or 14 ounces a yard are now 10 or 11 ounces, and the summer suit, which has become almost an industry in itself since 1950, now weighs as little as nine ounces. The weight of overcoats, topcoats, and jackets is also being shaved, all of which means more comfort to the man inside.

These are only a few examples of how the scientist is adding a new dimension—wearability—to what was formerly called the "art of clothing design." This term is now obsolete because the construction of apparel is being changed, besides the style and pattern.

How important the new synthetics are in this textile revolution is indicated by figures from the U. S. Department of Commerce. The government agency reported that in 1949, 54 per cent of the summerweight suits cut in the United States were made of wool; by 1952 this figure had dropped to 28 per cent.

In 1949, 51 per cent of the trousers manufactured were made of wool; last year wool's share of this market had declined to 29 per cent. And between 1950 and 1952 production of regular weight wool suits dropped from 98 per cent of the total to 92 per cent. New fibers have been mainly responsible for these declines.

Last year about 320 million pounds of man-made fiber was produced, primarily Dacron, Orlon, Dynel, and Acrilan. The first two were used primarily in men's suits and shirts; the others in such items as sweaters, socks, and outer jackets. At present the industry is making these raw synthetics at an annual rate of something like 385 million pounds. By the end of 1953 the half-billion-pound a year mark should be reached, textile experts say.

If you're planning to buy clothing made of these new materials, remember two things: don't believe everything you hear about them, and be prepared to spend a little more than you would for the same item in a natural fiber.

The new synthetics are neither as bad or as good as some people say they are. It has been established fairly conclusively that Dacron and Orlon suits hold a press better than wool, that they shed water, and that moths stay away from them. On the other hand, most of the new fabrics are hard to dye, which means that pattern and color variety are much narrower than with wool or cotton. Also all the new fibers are sensitive to high temperatures. A few degrees too much heat from a pressing iron and a pair of man-made fiber slacks begin to melt. A good-sized cigaret or cigar ash falling on clothing made of some synthetics will burn a hole you can put your finger through.

There is supposed to be a difference in the way the new  
(Continued on page 49)



# HELPED HIMSELF

by Paul Severance

Most stories about blind people reflect the unselfish work which Lions clubs are doing to restore sight and rehabilitate those who live in the world of lifelong darkness. This is the story of a blind Lion who has helped himself, and by doing so has become an inspiration to others who share his sightless world.

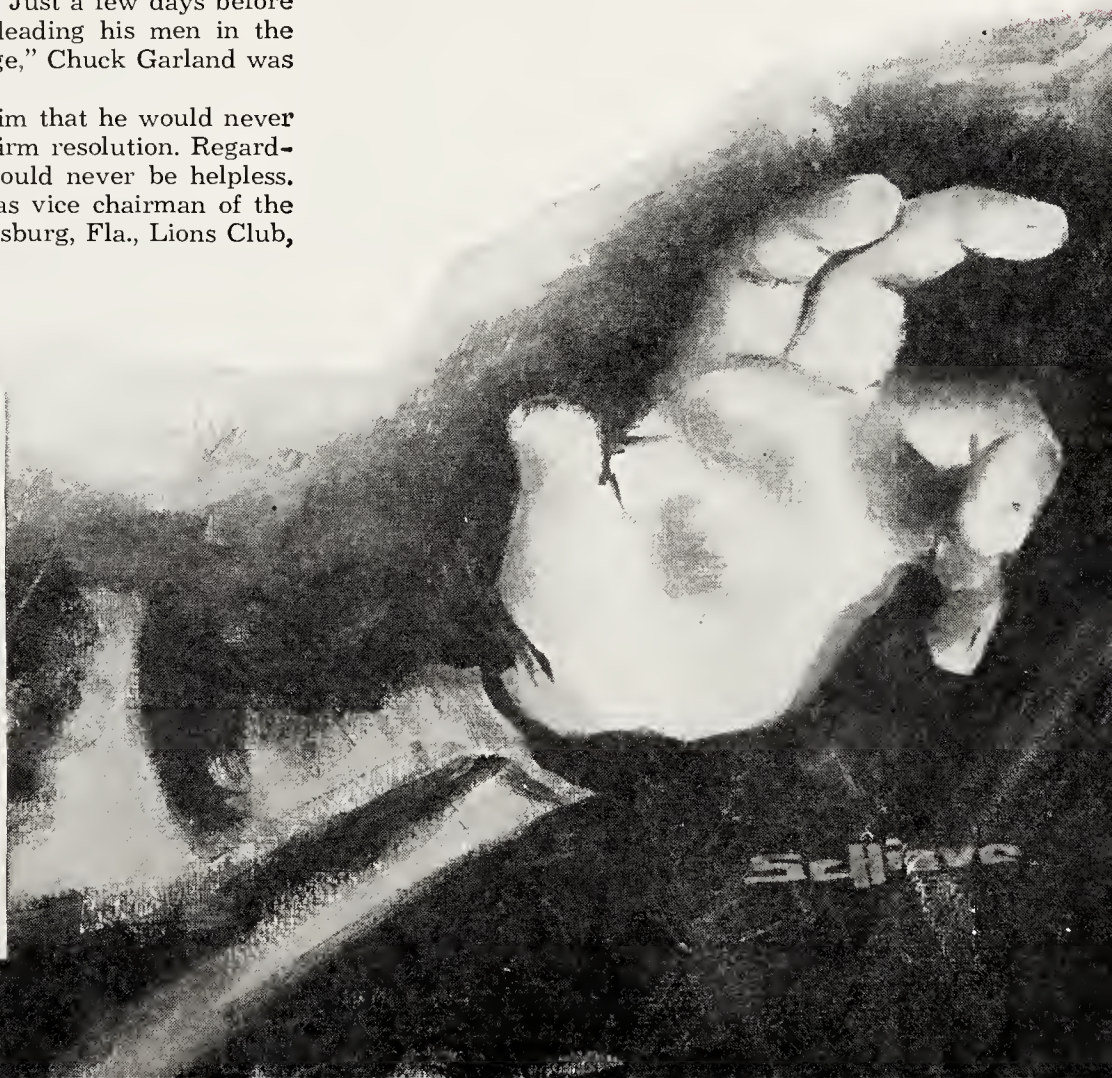
This is the story of Claude B. Garland, Jr., lion-hearted Lion of Leesburg, Fla.

"Chuck" Garland was a pretty brave man before he faced the enemy of personal, apparently hopeless tragedy. As a company commander in World War II, he won the Purple Heart with cluster, the Silver Star with cluster, the French and Belgian Croix de Guerres, two French civilian unit citations and four battle stars. Just a few days before Christmas in 1944, while leading his men in the historic "Battle of the Bulge," Chuck Garland was blinded by shell fragments.

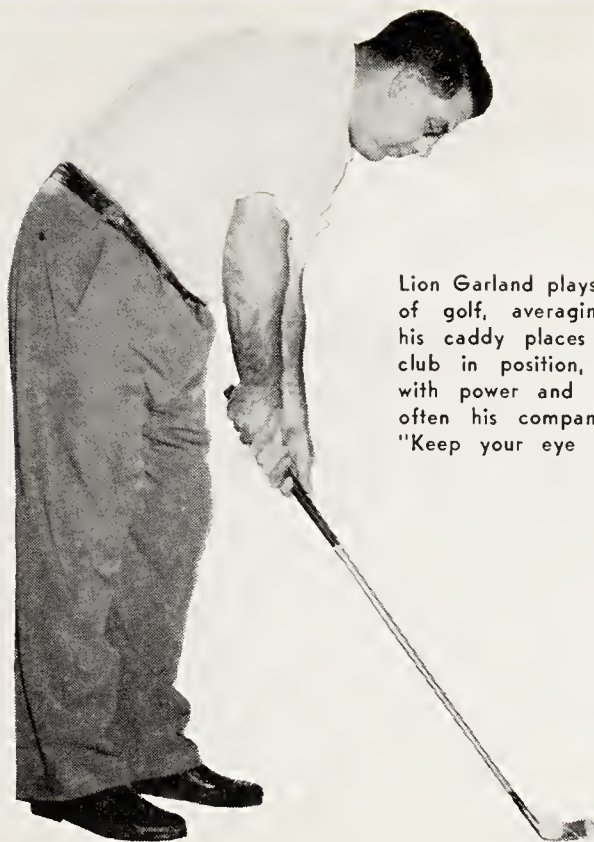
When the doctors told him that he would never see again, Chuck made a firm resolution. Regardless of his handicap, he would never be helpless. Now, at 39, he is serving as vice chairman of the sight committee of the Leesburg, Fla., Lions Club,

secretary of that city's Chamber of Commerce—and last year he spoke to 37 Lions clubs throughout the United States on the subject of overcoming the handicaps of blindness. But every Lion will agree, after reading his story, that Chuck Garland's unforgettable contribution to his fellow blind has been his inspiring example of courage.

Back in civilian life, young Garland's first activities were to lend active aid and encouragement to others who had shared his own misfortune. He served with the national headquarters in Washington of the Blinded Veterans Association, touring the country to speak to blinded veterans to whom







Lion Garland plays a good game of golf, averaging 125. After his caddy places the ball and club in position, Chuck swings with power and accuracy. Very often his companions tell him: "Keep your eye on that ball!"

he held out practical hope for new achievements. He surveyed job opportunities for the blind and was active in raising funds for their help. He set an inspiring example through his own fortitude and courage, refusing all help and pampering.

Chuck enjoys football and baseball which he follows play by play with surprising accuracy, guided by his close attention to the announcer's comments. He can tell from the crack of the bat just where the ball is clouted. His sense of hearing, like his memory, has grown astonishingly sensitive. He is an enthusiastic fisherman. To enable him to play bridge with his neighbors, his wife, Jane, perforated identifying marks on each card—just tiny pin pricks—which Chuck feels with his thumb as he assort his hand swiftly: one horizontal line for clubs, two for diamonds; one vertical line of pin-pricks for hearts, and two for spades. Through other identifying pricks he knows the numerals, Jack, Queen and King. Just tell him the cards in the dummy and the cards as they are played and he seldom makes an error.

He operates his own motor boat for fishing—a companion telling him where to cast: "Three o'clock, forty feet, bass rising!" that is, visualizing the face of the clock he casts directly to his right where three o'clock is marked on the dial. He eats his meals by the same system. His wife will set a plate before him and say, for example, "The meat is at six o'clock, the beans at three, and potatoes at twelve. Your salad is beside your plate at nine, your water glass at one, and your coffee cup at four."

Chuck plays a remarkable game of golf, considering his blindness, with an average score of around 125. His caddy places the ball with the club directly behind it and lines Chuck up with the pin. "Keep your eye on the ball," his companion often tells him—which Chuck does with mental vision; his stance is good, his swing accurate and strong. He shaves himself, dresses, goes shopping with his wife and

Chuck Garland also plays a good game of bridge. He uses coded cards, which his companions cannot identify, and easily sorts his hand. His memory for cards already played is phenomenal.

is more critical than most buyers and quick to discover some small defect or lack of quality by the feeling of the object that he buys. He knows every detail of furniture and its placing in his home, at the office, and in the homes of many friends. He dances with his wife. Last Christmas he even helped decorate the Christmas tree in the Chamber of Commerce office and dropped only one ornament. He waters his own lawn by knowing the range of the spray and pacing off the distances in squares. He dials the telephone. He can hear the scratching of his secretary's pencil as he dictates so that when her pencil stops he goes ahead without delay. He knows people by the sound of their voices and the rhythm of their walk, and by some mysterious vibration they register in his presence. Each day he goes out alone to the edge of the lovely lake that adjoins the Chamber building, where he calls and feeds the swans.

His dog, "Sparkle," is a constant companion but not trained to lead the blind—Chuck needs no guiding. He makes his way alone around Leesburg; even spent weeks alone in New York when he was undergoing medical attention. He operates automatic elevators, turns corners, crosses the street when traffic signals change. He avoids obstructions in his path—not alone through the tapping of his stick, but because his acute senses register what is ahead of him. Passing strangers often fail to notice that he is blind, for he strides erect and his step does not falter.

He has learned to notice and remember hundreds of little things that those with seeing eyes ignore. He carries on his work efficiently, brushing aside all attempts at coddling. Before he took his present job with the Leesburg Chamber he managed a tourist court.

"You can do it if you will," is Lion Chuck Garland's admonition and encouragement to those who are handicapped by the lack of sight. He has proved his words. He lives a contented, productive, normal life with his wife and small son, Claude III, age four, who adores his father and often seems to be unconscious that his dad is blind. He enjoys the warm Florida sunshine and idealizes the vibrant colors and the beauty of the Florida scenery which he holds in memory—perhaps conveniently forgetting all defects.

"To be blind is a handicap, of course," he says, "but it has its compensations in seclusion. I select what I want to 'see' in experience and in memory. The blind must not pity themselves nor abandon hope for progress and achievements. It is in a sense a great adventure that is rich in new experiences and provides a constant challenge to those qualities within ourselves which many who see are blunt to and undervalue. Blindness for me has brought a happy life." ● ●



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